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Judge

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WILLIE McKINLEY'S 4TH JULY.

Judge

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CORNER FIFTH AVENUE AND SIXTEENTH STREET, NEW YORK.

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THE BASEBALL PLAYERS are anti-umpireialists to a man.

* * *

OOM PAUL is writing a book, which it is a foregone conclusion critics will pronounce Boer-some.

* * *

RICHARD MANSFIELD says that a man must suffer before he can act. So must his audiences.

* * *

TEACHING the young idea how to "Hoot"—Andrew Carnegie in his donations to the Scotch universities.

* * *

A SPEEDWAY has been proposed for Philadelphia, but that community finds itself incapable of grasping the idea.

* * *

PRESIDENT McKINLEY has declared, "once for all," against a third term. But William J. Bryan doesn't see any objection to a third run.

* * *

THE DIFFERENCE between a passenger-steamship race on Lake Erie and on the Atlantic Ocean is that on the lake they acknowledge they were racing.

* * *

PLAYING GOLF in silk hats and "swallow-tail" coats is Chicago's latest contribution to fashionable sport. And yet there are people ill-natured enough to call the Windy Metropolis provincial.

* * *

WITH SAMPSON'S HEAD on one side of the Santiago medal and the *Oregon* on the other side, Schley and the *Brooklyn* would seem to be as much "out of it" as Sampson's flagship was out of the fight.

* * *

THERE IS A CALL, says the Baltimore *American*, for a title in the vernacular to be applied to the operator of an automobile, as "chauffeur" is too long and too foreign. When he runs over people, or frightens their horses, they readily find a large assortment of titles for him, some of which are a good deal worse than chauffeur.

TIME WILL TELL.

MAYOR TOM L. JOHNSON of Cleveland, Ohio, denies the reports of his business interest in street railways, which reports he says "in time will become ridiculous." We hope the same can't be said of Tom's political doings.

YELLOW ADVERTISING.

AN ENGLISH PUBLISHER announces a new novel "by the most beautiful woman in England." It is getting so, nowadays, that the press-agents for pugilists and dime musées can obtain points on sensational advertising from the conservative old book-publishers.

"THE YANKEE PERIL."

EMPEROR WILLIAM of Germany, whose cartoon-picture of "The Yellow Peril" (Chinese invasion) attracted universal attention a year or so back, can now block out its companion-piece, to be entitled "The Yankee Peril"—the latter being Europe's startled characterization of America's present-day commercial expansion.

THE LIMIT.

MODEST CABLE-DISPATCHES a column in length, with portrait-cuts and scare-heads, announce throughout the newspaper press that Sarah Bernhardt will play *Romeo* for a hundred nights in America to Maude Adams' *Juliet*. Mr. Charles Frohman will present this fearsome combination, and the version of the play used will be that of "Mr. Frohman's prompt copy, in manuscript." Where does Shakespeare come in?

MODERN PREACHING.

GLANCING over the ecclesiastical advertisements in the metropolitan newspapers on a Saturday, the old-school orthodox church-goer is a bit feazed to find himself confronted with a list of announced "pulpit themes" (texts are out of date) like the following: "Professor George D. Herron and His New Social Apostolate"; "The Hall of Fame, or Our Debt to Great Men"; "Eddyism and Christian Science"; "Spiritualism and Religion"; "The Gospel of Salt"; "Our Nation's Shame and Glory"; "The Army Canteen Curse"; "Perils of Wall Street"; and "Is the Bicycle Immoral?" Sermons of this sort show a progressive alertness on the part of the ministers, no doubt. And yet—and yet—what's the matter with preaching the Gospel once in a while, just for a change?

CHILDREN'S HEADS.

IT IS CONJECTURED that there may be a limit to the normal capacity of schoolchildren for book-learning—even the precocious children of our big towns of to-day. Quite a number of parents, and even a professional educator here and there, are beginning to agitate the question of a modification in the present school system. It is high time, while there are yet some children immune from brain-fever. The theory now in vogue, or at least in general practice, is aptly expressed by the following refrain, current in the newspaper press:

"Ram it in, cram it in!
Children's heads are hollow.
Slam it in, jam it in,
Still there's more to follow—
Hygiene and history,
Astronomic mystery,
Algebra, histology,
Latin, etymology,
Botany, geometry,
Greek and trigonometry.
Ram it in, cram it in!
Children's heads are hollow."

A "PHYSICAL" DEDUCTION.

RICARDO—"They told me at the dramatic school that I was built to carry 'heavy rôles.' Egad! it's just beginning to dawn on me the kind of 'rolls' they had reference to."

Judge's Funny Stories by Serious People, and Vice Versa.

MR. SAINT PETER'S BUSY DAY; OR, GREED RAMPANT.

By the late Stephen Crane.

STEPHEN CRANE.

By courtesy of Messrs. D. Appleton & Co., publishers of "The Red Badge of Courage," etc.

Scene—Paradise, New Jersey. *Time*—The end of it.

Dramatis Personæ.

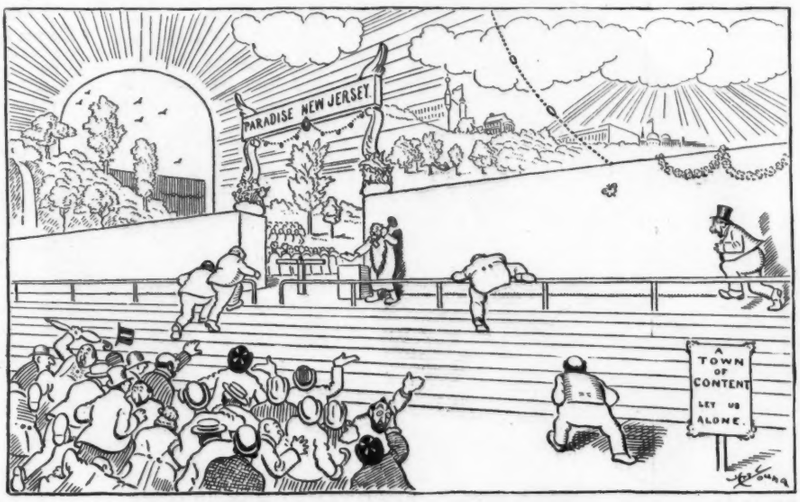
Mr. Jno. P. Saint Peter.
Crowd of Gentiles.
Mob of Jews.

MR. SAINT PETER is discovered, seated comfortably upon a small box near the turnstile at the two-forty gate, the main entrance to Paradise, New Jersey. He is slumbering peacefully, as the dull rattle of his snore mingles harmoniously with the sounds of low sweet music from within. All is quietness, contentment and infinite rest.

Suddenly, discordant sounds can be heard from without. There is a hollow roar, as of an approaching tempest, in the air. The lights of Paradise swing and flicker as if a wind had intruded. The guardian of the gates arouses himself, places his hand behind his ear, and listens.

The roar comes gradually louder. It develops into the sound of loud voices raised in wrath, discussions, dissensions, quarrels, bickerings, and the noise of scrambling feet. Mr. Saint Peter rushes to the turnstile.

Enter, without, a disheveled mob of Jews. They make a furious rush for the turnstile. Thirteen clothes-dealers try to squeeze through the turnstile at one time. Two-score pawn-brokers attempt to climb over the iron railing. A syndicate of theatrical managers form a flying wedge. Mr. Saint Peter makes a gallant resistance. He bats the invaders over the head with his huge key and pushes them back. There ensues a dreadful mêlée. They fight among themselves. There is a shrill chorus of angry voices. One Jew attempts to go legitimately through the turnstile. His companions drag him back by his coat-tails. All then try to go through first. Mr. Saint Peter is in immense consternation. The Jews engage in a fierce battle at the gate. There is a repetition of the shrill chorus of angry voices. Mr. Saint Peter frantically tears a handful from the little gray fringe of hair that encircles his venerable head. Wildest uproar!



"They make a furious rush for the turnstile."

Finally, a wise Jew, after pondering a moment, takes a valuable dollar-and-a-half ring from his finger and, then in a full view of the palpitating throng, he hurls it down the stairs behind him. Instantly every eye is fixed upon the flight of the ring. A single impulse animates the whole body. The mob, forgetting all else, turns and plunges, dives headlong, in pursuit. They tumble over each other in their anxiety to grasp the trinket.

"It is an avalanche of bargain-hunters."

The wise Jew now has a clear field. He flies unmolested through the turnstile and is three-quarters of the way down the centre aisle before he is discovered by his comrades. They set up a howl and charge on the turnstile. Mr. Saint Peter's eyes start from his head. With his hair on end, he climbs up his little box and draws his gown carefully about his legs. The Jews pour through in a torrent. The turnstile clicks like a crazy stem-winding watch. The metal grows hot from the friction. It seethes and throws off steam. Mr. Saint Peter is compelled to dash a pail of water upon it. The Jews pour in like a runaway flood.

The Jews swarm down the centre aisle. They all attempt to sit down in the front seats. In consequence, there is another frightful row. They bleed from wounds; their clothing is in tatters; yet they madly hurl themselves upon each other like wild animals—many have fainted. The rest fight for programmes. Mr. Saint Peter mops his brow and sinks down upon his box with the eyes of a bewildered hunted thing.

Low murmuring sounds heard from without. Mr. Saint Peter starts up, listens, wrings his hands and then tears out half the little fringe of hair about his head. Mutterings seem to be coming gradually nearer. Mr. Saint Peter tears out the other half of the little fringe.

Enter crowd of Gentiles. They pass in. The turnstile clicks. Mr. Saint Peter beams. The Gentiles march in an orderly and modest manner down the centre aisle. Suddenly they stop and gaze in amazement. Every good seat in the house is occupied by a Jew. The entire front is a wriggling mass of big noses and diamonds. They rise in a tremendous wall. The Gentiles are compelled to take the rear seats. The Gentiles grieve. No view for them at all. They can't see anything. The Jews look back in scorn and sneer at the unfortunate Gentiles.

The leading Gentiles think. Finally a thoughtful Gentile proposes a plan. After listening to his whispered proposal they pat him on the back and evidently tell him that he has a great head. The thoughtful Gentile gets a piece of white cloth from the floor, which probably some Jew had brought with him, hoping to do a little business with the inhabitants of Paradise, New Jersey, but had inadvertently lost it in the mêlée. The thoughtful Gentile takes a fountain-pen from his pocket and carefully prints a sign upon the cloth. Then, raising it upon a walking-stick, he exhibits it after the manner of a transparency. He marches slowly along in front of the Jews.

The Jews observe him and read the sign. They start, quiver, and rise out of their seats, their eyes bulging. An electric spasm sweeps over the throng, for upon the sign they read:

JOB LOTS! JOB LOTS! FIRE SALE!

DOWN IN SHEOL, CAPE MAY COUNTY, NEW JERSEY.

Selling out at 2 per cent. of cost.

With a convulsive movement they vacate the front seats. Down the centre aisle they again tumble over each other. They squirm, they buffet, they pant, they fly headlong. The Gentiles facetiously cheer them on. Mr. Saint Peter opens the fire-exits, and then climbs up on the top fresco of the central archway, where he tangles his legs and arms around a beam and hangs on for dear life. The floor swirls and trembles beneath the mighty, tempestuous rush of the mad Jews. They hurl themselves down the stairway. It is an avalanche of bargain-hunters. A row of twenty-three Jews are telescoped at the first landing. The terrific thunder of their foot-falls grows fainter and fainter—it dies away in hollow rumble.

Mr. Saint Peter climbs down; then swoons on the floor.

In the meantime the Gentiles had moved up to the front seats.

Stephen Crane

JUDGE'S FAVORITES.

ELEANOR ROBSON.

You, who made so provokingly sweet a *Bonita*,
Now in Browning, with Le Moyne and Skinner A winner,—
At such rate of advancement should find your next station
As a *Juliet*, or other Shakespearean creation.

EXPLORING THE INTERIOR.

THE news has just to Berlin come
Of South Sea natives' guile,
Who banqueted on scientists
On distant Papuan isle;
A baker's dozen—just thirteen—
Of Prussians were on shore,
(The rest had sailed for coal and food
And so there were no more.)

They'd taken all their guns apart
To clean them, it appears,
When cannibals rushed from the bush
And stuck them full of spears.
But one got safely to the boats,
(The rest were served as stew);
To see his comrades relished so
Made this lone Prussian blue.

'Twas Friday, and the diners felt
To eat a dozen able,
But knew, of course, 'twould bring bad luck
To have thirteen at table.
Now would you know the reason why?
(Well, this is on the quiet,)
They didn't love the Prussian laws
But loved a Prussian Diet.

WILLIAM LINCOLN BALCH.

NOT IN HIS LINE.

"Do you keep burnt leather goods?"

"No'm — you will find them down on the next block; there's a fire-sale there."

THE FOURTH IN BOSTON.

Visitor—"How do you expect to celebrate the Fourth this year?"

Little Waldo Wendal—"Oh, beautifully! I am now engaged in my laboratory preparing a number of liddyte explosives and some nitro-glycerine shells with which to commemorate the glorious occasion of our national independence!"

INCOMPLETE.

"WHAT did you send back that book to the library for?"

"Why, you told me you weren't going to finish it."

"True. But I wanted to read enough in it to talk about."

BIG BOOM.

Crawford—"Wasn't it rather extravagant to pay fifty dollars for your boy's fireworks?"

Crabshaw—"I couldn't help myself. I sent him to buy a quarter's worth and he set off all the man's stock."

SUF-FIZZ-IENT REASON.

Tommy—"Why does that pin-wheel fizz so?"

Tommy's father—"Because it is not a fizzle."

THE VIRTUE OF NECESSITY.

I LIKE the cannon's roar, the rocket's blare,
The deafening bomb disturbs me not a whit,
I like the crackers as they burst in air,
Because I know there's no way out of it!

IT MADE A DIFFERENCE.

DOCTOR BIGFEE—"Have the Joneses paid their bill yet?"

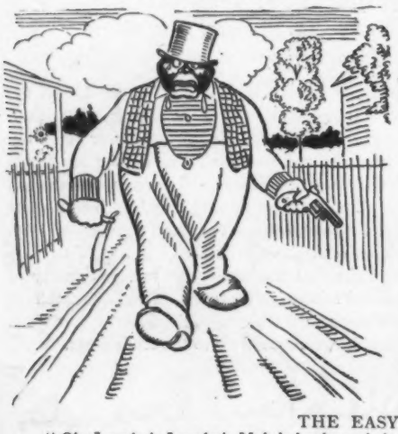
SECRETARY—"They have."

DOCTOR BIGFEE—"Ah, Mrs. Jones is in the office—I didn't know whether to order her to the mountains or order her out."

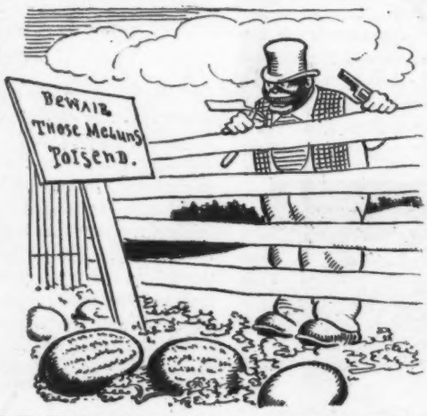
STARTED RIGHT, ANYWAY.

Minister (on July fourth)—"Remember, Johnny, always to aim upward. Where is your little brother Jimmy? Is he going in the right direction?"

Johnny (sobbing)—"De las' t'ing I saw of Jimmy he was still hanging on ter der stick of a big sky rocket."



"Oh, Lawdy! Lawdy! Mah baby done shake me foh a cheap niggah; now, I'se gwine out in de woods an' suicide mahself."



"Goodness me! W'ot's de use ob blowin' yoh haid off when yoh kin jes' as well die happy?"

"Lifeless and beautiful he lay."

THE EASY WAY 'RASTUS POWKAH GOT RID OF HIS TROUBLES.

THE RESEMBLANCE.

TRAMP—"Ah, mum, you resemble my dear old mother so much dat I jes' simply can't help askin' you fer a piece uv pie."
WOMAN—"Poor fellow! take the whole pie. How do I remind you of your mother?"
TRAMP—"Ah, mum, I never knew who my mother wuz, ner nothin' about her; an' oh, mum! I don't know who you are ner nothin' about you, neither."

MORE PARTITION.

(Advance Notes from Newspapers of July 5th.)

"WILLIE JOHNSON lost an ear
Fooling with a frisky rocket"——
"Sam Pocheezka's arm, we hear,
Was blown off right at the socket"——

"On the day's sham-battle field
Sixteen fingers were collected"——
"Little Arthur's face was peeled
And his nose an inch deflected"——

"Gunner Squib's unlucky head
Went together with the rammer"——
"Tommy Jones afar is spread—
Pounded nitro with a hammer!"

"Giant crackers are the cause
Of Joe Schmidt's disfiguration"——
"Susan Doodle left both jaws
At a picnic celebration"——

"Mrs. Bangs will lose her eyes
Through a vicious roman-candle"——
"Sambo Brown in quarters lies
By a bomb he tried to handle"——

Oh, ye nations who debate
China's hazardous position,
Please behold the frightful rate
Of *America's partition!* EDWIN L. SABIN.

AN UNCALCULATING HERO.

HELEN—"Oh, he is not at all mercenary."
ALICE—"But he doubtless knows you are worth two millions."
HELEN—"Yes; but he says he would love me just as much if I wasn't worth but a million and a half."

IT'S ONLY FUN WHEN SCHOOL KEEPS.

"Which would you rather do, or go a-fishin'?"
The big boy to the little boy doth say.
The little boy replieth: "Ef by wishin'
I had my wish, I'd be to Prince's Bay
A-crabbin', some day *not* a holiday,
When school kept, an' we had to run away."

DEEP LOVE.

"I SEE England is falling deeply in love with the United States," said Cumso.

"Yes," replied Cawker. "As I understand it, King Edward is going to order a celebration of the Fourth of July at Windsor Castle."

A KICK FROM MARS.

CHORUS OF MARTIANS—"Goo Goo Yum Jik Ah Thare Ma Pik Pik," which means, "Confound those humans! they are not satisfied in getting the earth out of plumb, but there they go and fall clean off."

THE PATRIOTIC SUMMER GIRL.

Madge—"Why are you wearing those stockings formed of the Stars and Stripes?"
Dolly—"I'm going to sit in the hammock."

FOURTH-OF-JULY FANCY.

PURPLE, scarlet, orange,
Solferino, rose,
See them gayly popping
Through the night's repose.

Crimson, lilac, beryl,
Lapus lazuli,
See them glow and glimmer
In the gloomy sky.

Don't those Roman-candle
Balls, as on they glide,
Seem the Shanghai berries
Of the Easter-tide?

E. K. MUNKITTRICK.

A CLINCHER.

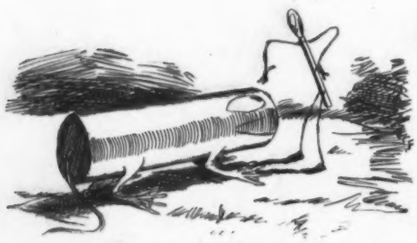
Cobwigger—"People go away to the country in summer for rest and quiet, my boy."

Freddie—"Then what do people who live in Philadelphia go away for?"

A CAUTIOUS NATURE.

CALAMITY JOE—"Come on, boys! Let's jump in and smoke up the town."
BRONCO BILL—"Not me. I heerd the city marshal had a pendicitus, an' I ain't goin' agin it till I see what it's like."

A FOURTH-OF-JULY TRAGEDY.



1. LUCIFER—"I'm a match for you any day."

2. THE FIRE-CRACKER—"You are, eh?"

THE ANNUAL FOOL.

HE took the old musket corroded,
And no thought of danger foreboded,
He said with a scoff
That it couldn't go off,
And found out too late it was loaded.

A SCARE-FLY.

Baker—"Old Baldy is getting ready for the fly season."

Jones—"What is he doing?"

Baker—"Having his head tattooed with a design of a spider's web."

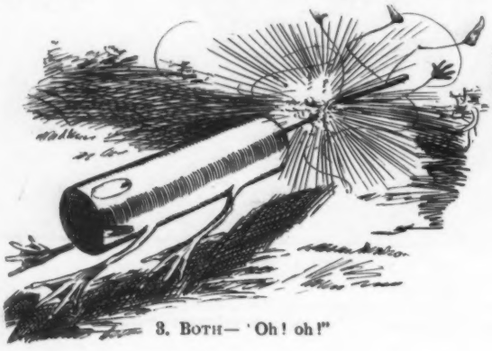
A PISCINE FANCY.

THE gold-fishes out of the pin-wheel pop,
With liveliest wriggles fraught,
Then quickly swim away in the gloom
For fear they may be caught.

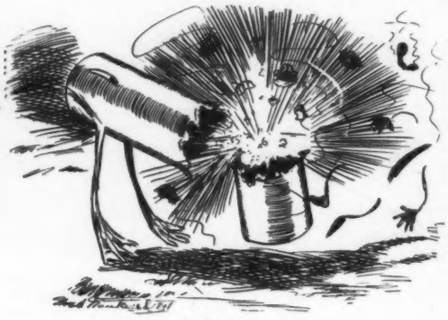
BEYOND THE PALE.

Mrs. Cobwigger—"How is it you don't call on her?"

Mrs. Proudfutte—"She is not in our set at all. She attends a church that keeps open all summer."



3. BOTH—"Oh! oh!"



4. Final.

LOOKS LIKE IT.

"DO YOU know that Job was one of the original members of the Order of Buffaloes?" asked Mr. Dinsmore.

"Not the gentleman with the boils?" asked Mr. Perkasie.

"The same."

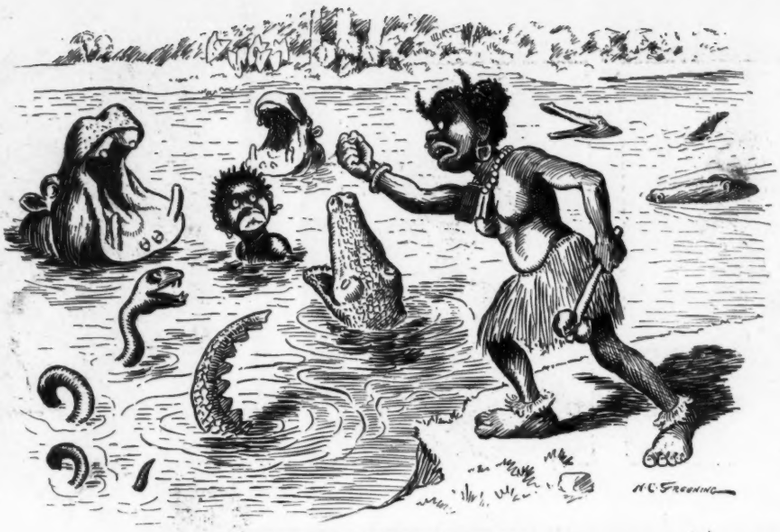
"How do you know?"

"Because he says, 'All the days of my appointed time will I wait until my change comes."

AFFECTIONATE.

"OH," gushed the romantic maid, watching the fireworks, "just see that golden rain sink into the bosom of the sky!"

"Yes," answered the facetious youth; "and just see the sky rocket."



HOW COWARDLY OF HIM!

MRS. EN PECKI (*to her better-half, who has taken refuge in the river*)—"Yo' jes' wait till I kotch yo', yo' miz'ble chicking-hearted, w'ite-livered scart cat, yo'!"

THE DAY WE JUBILATE.

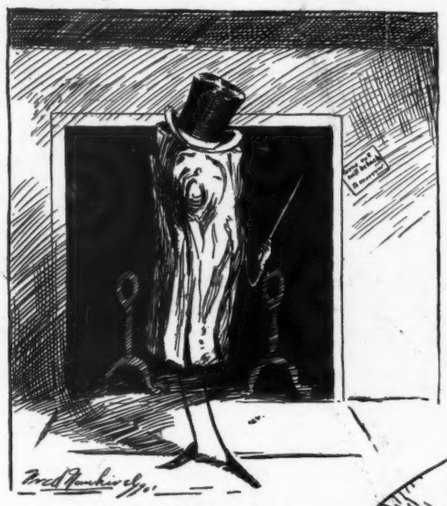
BANG, zip, biff, whiz, boom,
Kerflip, buzz, by!—
Not a college yell,
But the Fourth of July.

THE BASEBALL SEASON.

Jimmy—"Me cousin 's one uv de four hundred."

Mickey—"Aw, dat's nuthin'. Me brudder 's one uv de nine."

THERE is not a more beautiful picture of supreme effort extant than that of a poor boy trying to cover and properly punctuate with bang an entire Fourth of July with two packs of fire-crackers.



AT THE FIREPLACE.

THE LOG—"Well, now, if this isn't provoking, to have to come all the way up from the cellar to call on Miss Fire only to find she's out!"

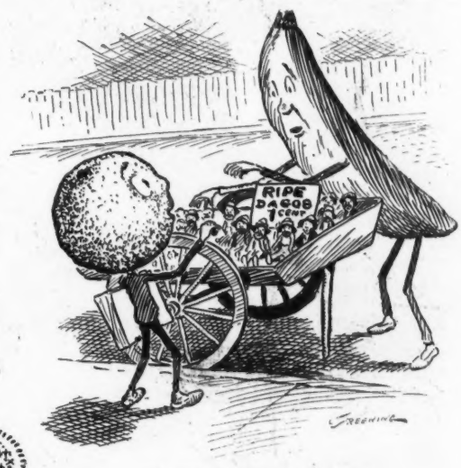
THE GRAY CADET.

(*West Point.*)

LAST June they walked together
In green Flirtation's shade—
A gray cadet of twenty,
A fair and fluffy maid.
She gave him all her dances,
And let him steal a kiss,
Where nothing but the moonlight
Was witness to their bliss.

This June they stroll together
Beneath Flirtation's boughs,
The same sweet fluffy maiden,
She listens to his vows—
A gray cadet of twenty
In braid and buttons still;
But last year she called him Charlie,
And now his name is Will.

MINNA IRVING.



IN TOPSYTURVY LAND.

ORANGE—"Hey! got any two-for-a-cent dagos?"

THAT IS ALL.

"DO ALL the works close on the Fourth of July?" the visitor asked.

"Not all. One of the works puts in more time than on other occasions even."

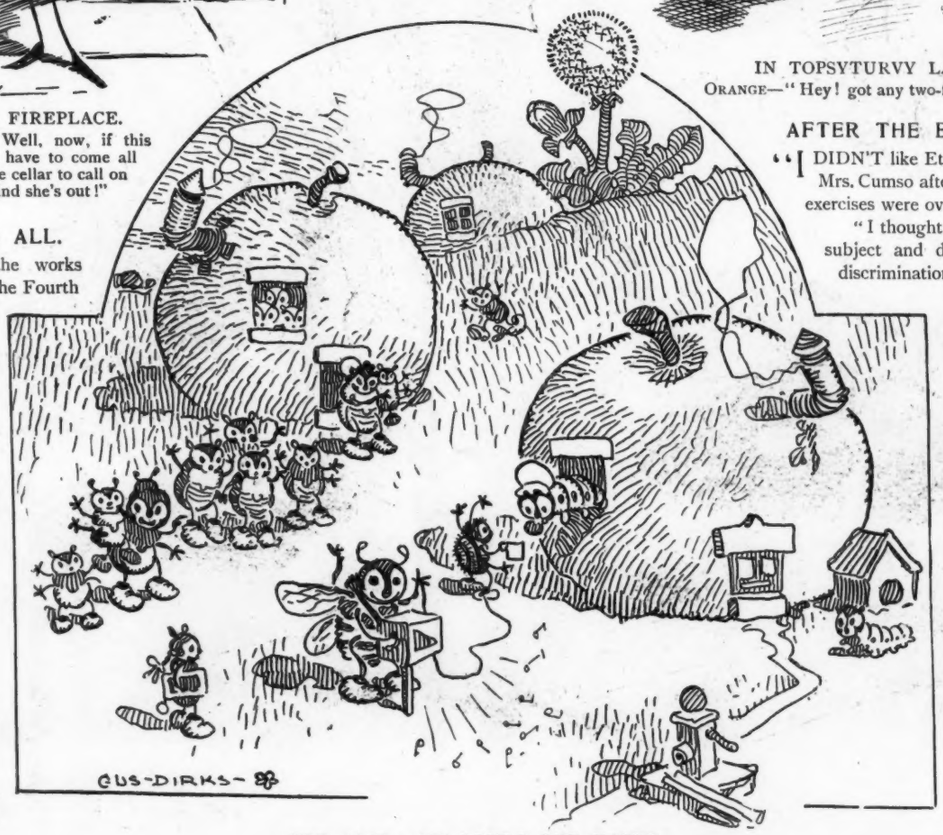
"And what works are those?"

"Fireworks."

HIS FUTURE.

Miggs—"What does your son do at the laboratory every day?"

Jiggs—"He is studying patent medicine."



BEE GOOD AND YOU'LL BEE HAPPY.

MR. DRONE—"Gee! this hand-organ idea of mine beats the honey-making business all hollow."

AFTER THE EXERCISES.

"I DIDN'T like Ethel's essay," said Mrs. Cumso after the graduating exercises were over.

"I thought she chose a good subject and discussed it with discrimination," replied Mr. Cumso with apparent satisfaction.

"No doubt; but the ribbon that she tied it with did not harmonize with the flowers she wore."

A CHEAPER WAY.

Doctor—"To take the rest-cure will cost you one hundred dollars a week."

Henpeck—"Why, doctor, I can send my wife away to the country for half that."

A REPUBLIC.

AN EMPIRE.

Cartoon by William Jennings Bryan (contributed to JUDGE, March 2, 1901), which precipitated the discussion with Mr. Watterson upon Democratic Party issues.

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RULE OR RUIN—SOLO

"Mr. Bryan's violin may give forth sweet sounds to listen to. Meanwhile, ROME BU

1801.

1901.

Counter Cartoon by Henry Watterson (contributed to JUDGE, April 27, 1901), which Mr. Bryan attacked editorially in the *Commoner*, calling forth Mr. Watterson's vigorous reply in the famous interview published in the New York *Herald*, May 30, 1901.

Sackett & Wilhelms Litho & Ptg. Co. New York.

-SOLO BY NERO BRYAN.

hile, ROME BURNS."—Henry Watterson, in New York *Herald* interview.

"A SEWING BEE."

TALENT WAS SCARCE.

"DID you have much good speakin' down at Jones's Cross-Roads on the Fourth?" said Mr. Sparrowgrass to Mr. Timothyseed.

"Not as much as we'd calculated on," replied the latter. "We'd invited President McKinley, an' Teddy Roosevelt, an' Admiral Dewey, an' Admiral Sampson, an' Admiral Schley, an' Hobson, to orate, but none of 'em could come, an' so we had to get along with Parson Temple, of the Hardshell Baptist Church, an' Johnson Trickett, who is runnin' for Postmaster this year."

PLAYED OUT.

I'D like to get up something new
About the Fourth, but I'm forlorn —
The subject and its victims, too,
Are so well worn

INDEPENDENCE.

Uncle — "Now, Johnnie, tell me what the Fourth of July means to you?"

Johnnie — "It means that I can do almost as I please for one day without being punished."

A BIASED ACCOUNT.

Mrs. Cobwigger — "Stop crying, now, and tell me how Willie came to steal your cannon."

Freddie — "Boo, hoo! He went up in the air and took it with him."

IN CHICAGO.

MRS. DYKER MEDDER — "Three of May's husbands have been named William."

MR. DYKER MEDDER — "Yes, she's a Bill collector."

ON THE FOURTH.

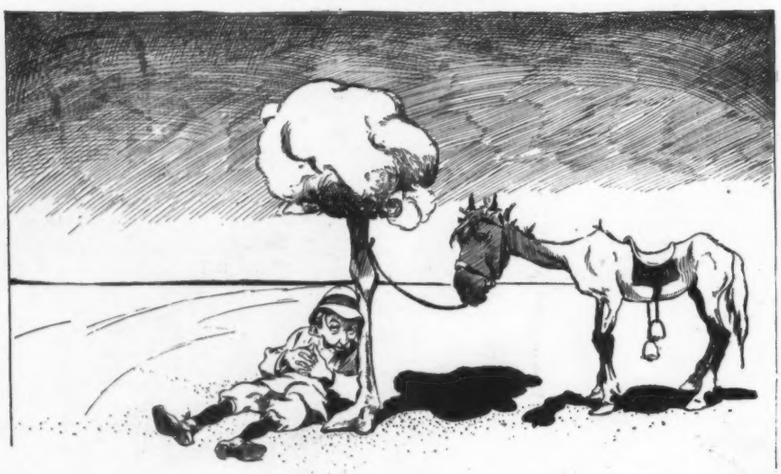
Green — "That dog doesn't seem to like the pack of fire-crackers banging away on his tail, does he?"

Brown — "He doesn't, but it's all because he doesn't appreciate the beauties of American glory."

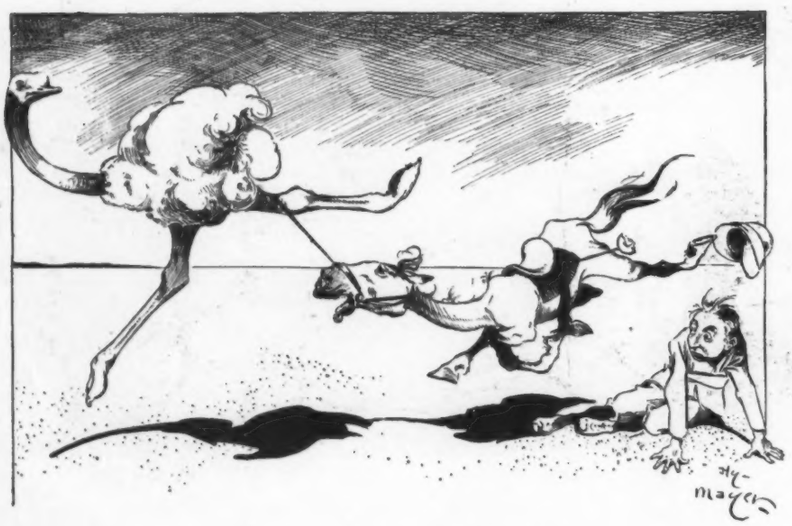
Green — "But why doesn't he?"

Brown — "Why, simply because he is an English setter."

THE WEARY EXPLORER.



"Here to this tree I will tie my faithful steed, and in the balmy shade I will"——



THE OSTRICH — "You will? You won't."

GOING TO BED.

THE PAPER CUTTER — "Ah! it's a perfect luxury to get between clean sheets once more."

PLANTATION PHILOSOPHY.

De debil am president ob de sin combine.—Yo' kain't scattah sunshine ef yo'r religion am all moonshine.—Yo' kain't take de road widout de end, nor de end widout de road.—Hit ain't strainin' de language much ter say dat Congress wouldn't vote fo' a morrel-improvement appropriashum.—Dar ain't a foot on earth big enough ter trample on de star-spangled bannah ob freedom.—Congress t'inks hit ain't doin' hits dooty ef hit ain't makin' laws all de time.—De man who packs watah on both shoulders am likely ter stan' in mud.—Public offis am a public trust, an' de man dat ain't got de offis am agin trusts.—De pusson who has sumthin' dat uddahs wants nebbah lacks flatterers.—*Arkansaw Thos. Cat.*

Abbott's, the Original Angostura Bitters, restores the fickle appetite, strengthens the digestive organs—makes life worth living. At grocers and druggists.

"Some people," said Uncle Eben, "doesn't seem to take no special interest in tellin' de troof, 'ceppin' when it's sumpin' disagreeable." —*Washington Star.*

FOR SHAMPOOING

Packer's Tar Soap admirably meets all the requirements of luxury and hygiene. It is pure and emollient, cleanses thoroughly, removes dandruff and allays itching. Physicians and hair-dressers recommend

Packer's Tar Soap

The Packer Mfg. Co., New York.

Sir Mountstuart Grant, in one of the new volumes of his reminiscences, tells a story of Arthur Balfour, when he was chief secretary for Ireland, asking Father Healy: "Is it true I'm so much detested as the newspapers will have it?" "If the divil himself," said Father Healy, "was as much detested in Ireland as you are, my occupation would be gone."

As an appetizer and general tonic, mix quarter wine-glass Dr. Siegert's Angostura Bitters, fill with iced water, add teaspoonful sugar.

"Who is that passenger over there who keeps his eyes glued to the ceiling and pays no attention to this beautiful scenery?" "That's Smith—F. Hopkinson Smith. He's afraid he may catch sight of an 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' billboard."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

THE "SOHMER" HEADS THE LIST OF THE HIGHEST GRADE PIANOS.

SOHMER PIANOS

Sohmer Building, 5th Ave., cor. 22d St. Only Salesroom in Greater New York.

Bella—"That bathing-dress makes you look shorter, dear." *Stella*—"Maybe; but it makes the men look longer."—*Pick-Me-H'up.*

Wives sometimes object to life insurance. No objection has yet been made by a widow. They know its value. You will, too, if you survive your husband.

PENN MUTUAL LIFE,
921-3-5 Chestnut Street,
Philadelphia.

Sam Cole—"Miss Yallerby done treat me scand'lous. She done tole me yestid y dat I was black as de ace ob spades." *Jim Crow*—"Dat's on'y half as bad as what she sez 'bout me. She tole me I was black as de deuce."—*Catholic Standard and Times.*

The Sohmer Pianos are pronounced superior to all others by leading artists.

Why is it folks sit this way in
The car we miss,
While in the car we catch at last
We'rejammedlikethis?
—*Philadelphia Press.*

On Buffet or Dining Cars

Don't recklessly order "a bottle of ale," but emphasize the fact that you must have

Evans' Ale

which is the **only** ale that is not affected by the motion of the Car.

No Sediment—that's why!

Any Dealer Anywhere.

A DOUBLET.

Dar's de dubble-breasted jacket,
De dubble-breasted sack;
Dar's de dubble-breasted mackintosh
Dat keeps de watah back;
Dar's de dubble-breasted obercoat,
De dubble-breasted vest;
But a dubble-breasted chicken
Wud suit dis chile de best.
—*Arkansaw Thos. Cat.*

A striking example of Chinese euphuism may be seen in the fact that the court did not refer to the foreign troops in Peking as "invaders" or as "the enemy." Oriental politeness forbade a discourtesy like that. So the French, Russians, English, Germans, and all the rest of them, were described as "guests of the country."—*San Francisco Argonaut.*

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EAU DE QUININE
HAIR TONIC
THE BEST HAIR RESTORER
A POSITIVE DANDRUFF CURE
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The Annual Premium, according to rates now in force, on a $1,000 Profit-sharing Whole Life Policy, according to age nearest birthday is

Age 20,	$19.02	Age 25,	$21.27	Age 30,	$24.13	Age 35,	$27.83	Age 40,	$32.68	Age 45,	$39.16	Age 50,	$47.99	Age 55,	$60.11
21,	19.43	26,	21.79	31,	24.80	36,	28.69	41,	33.82	46,	40.71	51,	50.12	56,	63.04
22,	19.86	27,	22.33	32,	25.50	37,	29.60	42,	35.04	47,	42.36	52,	52.38	57,	66.17
23,	20.31	28,	22.90	33,	26.23	38,	30.57	43,	36.33	48,	44.12	53,	54.79	58,	69.52
24,	20.78	29,	23.50	34,	27.01	39,	31.59	44,	37.70	49,	46.00	54,	57.37	59,	73.09
														60,	76.91

Cash Dividends reduce cost to policy-holder.
No increase in Annual Premium after Policy is issued.

If you would like full information regarding this or any other Policy, fill out the following form and send it to the Home Office of

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Without committing myself to any action, I shall be glad to receive, free, particulars and rates of policies in

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For $.....Age.....
Name.....
Address.....
Occupation.....
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JOHN F. DRYDEN, President.

HOME OFFICE, NEWARK, N. J.

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That's All!

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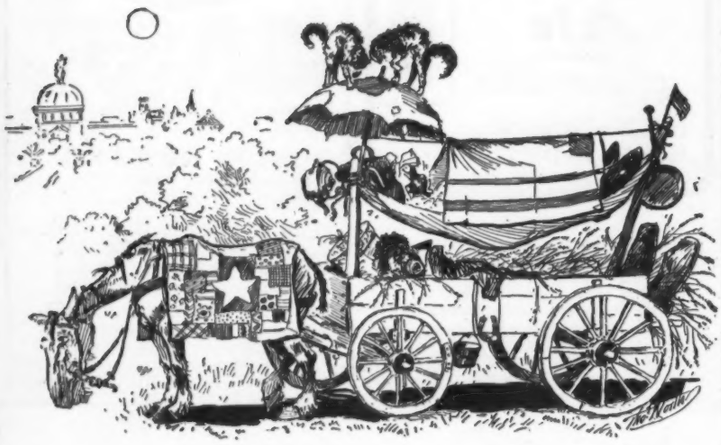

IN CAMP AT THE PAN-AMERICAN.

MR. SUNCLOUD (*to his wife, who is fast asleep*)—"Fo' de Lawd sake, Sally! kyan't yo' neber keep quiet? W'ot yo' squallin' fur all de time, now, in de night? Yo' said yo'd behave yo'self ef I'd fotch yer to de show, an' you's gwine on jist like ef you's home."

1 9 0 1

STATEMENT OF THE TRAVELERS INSURANCE COMPANY, *of* Hartford, Conn.

Chartered 1863. (Stock.) Life, Accident and Employers Liability Insurance.

JAMES G. BATTERSON, President

PAID-UP CAPITAL **$1,000,000.00**

JANUARY 1, 1901.

Total Assets. (Accident Premiums in the hands of Agents not included.)	$30,861,030.06
TOTAL LIABILITIES (including Reserves),	26,317,903.25
EXCESS SECURITY to Policy-holders,	$4,543,126.81
SURPLUS,	3,543,126.81
Paid to Policy-holders since 1864,	$42,643,384.92
Paid to Policy-holders in 1900,	2,908,464.03
Loaned to Policy-holders on Policies (Life),	1,586,652.20
Life Insurance in Force,	109,019,851.00
GAINS FOR THE YEAR 1900:	
IN ASSETS,	$3,167,819.96
IN INSURANCE IN FORCE (Life Department Only),	8,685,297.06
INCREASE IN RESERVES (Both Departments), (3½ per cent. basis)	2,484,392.52
PREMIUMS COLLECTED,	6,890,888.55

Sylvester C. Dunham, Vice-President
John E. Morris, Secretary
J. B. Lewis, M.D., Medical Director and Adjuster
Edward V. Preston, Superintendent of Agencies
Hiram J. Messenger, Actuary

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A box and a book
And a shady nook.

That is summer comfort if the box is a box of WHITMAN'S. Sold everywhere.

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Bacon—"See how slow that fellow is going with his baton." *Egbert*—"Yes; he's trying to beat time." *Bacon*—"Well, he'll never beat it at that rate."—*Yonkers Statesman.*

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Reider—"I'm glad that most of Funston's party, that captured Aguinaldo, were natives." *Scanlan*—"Why?" *Reider*—"They won't be able to write magazine articles."—*Brooklyn Life.*

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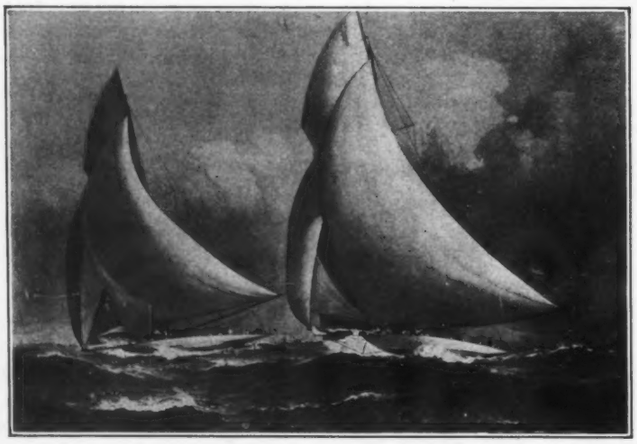

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MR. REGINALD—"W'ot yo' call yer hoss, Miss Gladys?"
MISS GLADYS—"His name am 'Handicap,' Mr. Reginald."
MR. REGINALD—"Sure enough! I might er knowed he am 'Handicap.'"
MISS GLADYS—"An' yer beautiful critter—w'ot's his cognomen, sah?"
MR. REGINALD—"Named after me—'Brudder Bones.'"
MISS GLADYS—"Scat, now! Looks jist like yer—fits him like er glove."

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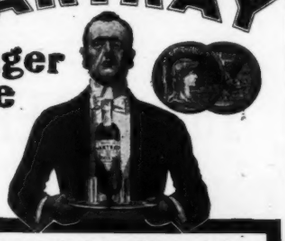

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Made by
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FROM HARPER'S WEEKLY

"ALCOHOL, it is claimed by statisticians, is the chief curse of civilization. More men fail in body, brain, and business through its agency than from any other cause. Ventures sent to sea with alcohol in command cannot mind the winds, fail to take correct astronomical observations, and arrive anywhere but in the right port. Alcohol ruins a man's health; ruins his home; endangers his happiness; jeopardizes his business interests, and brings him into ridicule.

The Keeley Institutes are neither hospitals nor prisons, but are as homelike as it is possible to make them. There is no confinement, nor is the slightest restraint put upon the patients beyond the request that they shall observe the few simple rules and take faithfully the medicines prescribed. Neither are the patients treated as offenders against the morals of society, but as gentlemen and ladies who are afflicted with a disease that is curable.

To Dr. Keeley is due the honorable distinction of having first declared against the vice theory of drunkenness, and to substitute for old methods a humane and intelligent treatment which removed permanently the appetite for drink, and at the same time, by restoring the nervous system to a sound condition, improved the general health of the patient."

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This book contains 104 pages 11x14 inches in size, and consists of large 9x12 plate pages, giving plans, elevations, perspective views, descriptions, owners' names, actual cost of construction, **no guess work**, and instructions **How to Build** 70 Cottages, Villas, Double Houses, Brick Block Houses, suitable for city suburbs, town and country houses for the farm, and workingmen's homes, for all sections of the country, and costing from $300 to $6,500; also Barns, Stables, School House, Town Hall, Churches, and other public buildings, together with specifications, form of contract, and a large amount of information on the erection of buildings, selection of site, employment of architects. It is worth $5 to any one, but I will send it in paper cover by mail, postpaid, on receipt of $1; bound in cloth, $2.

If you ever intend to build get this book and study it before you commence. This should be your first step toward building a house, so as to ascertain what kind of a house you want and find out how much it is going to cost before going ahead.

There is not one person in a hundred that builds a house but that wishes, after it is too late, that he had made some different arrangements on planning the interior, and would give many dollars to have had it otherwise, but it is too late.

Also there is not one in a hundred but that will tell you that his house is costing a great deal more than he calculated it would. The reason of this is he starts to build, without proper consideration; his only foundation is the money he has to build with and large imaginations. About the time he has his building enclosed his imaginations vanish and his money with them.

The value of this work to builders cannot be estimated, as it contains designs for just such houses as they are called on to build every day in the week.

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ETHEL—" Papa says he likes your book of poems immensely !"
CHOLLY—"Aw—really ?"
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Centennial Carvel; or, Who Got the Medal at the Philadelphia Exposition.

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—*Josh Wink, in Baltimore American.*

Despondency gives place to buoyant spirits when your wornout system is re-inforced by Abbott's, the Original Angostura Bitters. At druggists and grocers.

A square deal—The sale of a city block.—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

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Hunter Whiskey

It is pure from the beginning and in 10 years becomes the finest type of whiskey made.

Sold at all first-class cafés and by jobbers.
WM. LANAHAN & SON, Baltimore, Md.

Willie—" Pa, what's the difference between a fixed star and an ordinary star?" *Pa*—" I suppose a 'fixed' star is one who is assured of his salary regularly."—*Catholic Standard and Times.*

" What do they raise here, my friend?" asked the stranger of the Billville citizen. " Hell and cotton," was the expressive reply.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

To POSTER COLLECTORS.

The two handsome posters in colors, recently issued by the publishers of

JUDGE

and

LESLIE'S WEEKLY

(Size of each poster, 13 x 20 inches),

will be sent to poster collectors on receipt of a remittance of TEN CENTS in stamps.

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WHEN "N. PAC." WENT TO A THOUSAND

The stock market opened one cool day in May,
(Hark to the stock tape's song)
In an uncertain, feverish sort of a way,
And the bulls went short and the bears went long,
While men tore their hair and wondered why
North Pac jumped up, while you and I
Lost the millions we'd made, if we'd dared to try,
When "N. Pac" went to a thousand.

"Now what do they mean by 'N. Pac?'" she cried,
As she looked to the Exchange below,
Where most firms struggled and some firms died
In the space of an hour or so.
For "N. Pac" jumped like an acrobat
From 170 to a thousand flat,
While the rest of us wondered where "we were at"
When "N. Pac" went to a thousand.

"They mean just this," he tried to explain
(While the stock tape's song was low),
"That the poor man's loss is the rich man's gain,
(We've been crowded out, you know),
For I played the margin and lost it all
To the men who were able to 'cover and call,'
The reckoning that came with the stock market's fall
When 'N. Pac' went to a thousand."

—*Philadelphia Enquirer.*

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Stands for all that is Best in Photography

To the perfection of Kodak construction, to the perfection of the Kodak mechanism, to the perfection of the Kodak lenses, is due the

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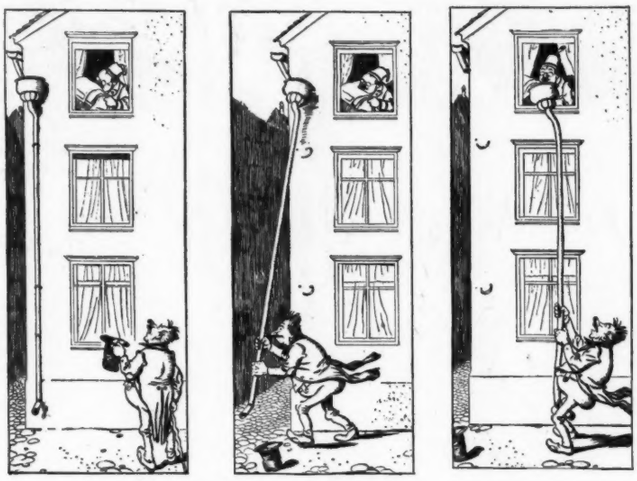

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